

2 Live Crew

"Hanging Out"

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["It's not the way to do it!"]
[gunshots]
["Shut up bitch!"]
["Yeahhhhh boyyyyy!"]
["You are now about to witness the strength of street knowledge."]
["This is serious business."]
["Come by boy!"]

Verse 1: Fresh Kid Ice

Hangin' on the corner, lookin' real sporty
Coolin' with the fellas while downin' a 40
Nothing to do, just killin' time
Sittin' on my ride with my hand on my 9
Gettin' a buzz, feelin' kinda nice
Homie dropped a 20, so we shot some dice
We played for a while, 'till my luck was out
So the bitches walked by and my dick popped out
Rankin' on the bitches hanging in the street
It's feedin' time, so hoe, come eat
Nibble on this dick, make me just say please
You know how it's done, like a rat does cheese
The hoe started buggin', jumped in my face
Since the boys were stressin', I had to punch her in the face
Grabbed the weave, stuffed it in her mouth
Don't fuck with the Kid while I'm hangin' out!

(Interval: Marquis talking. Most of his words are indistinct.)

Verse 2: Brother Marquis

Me and my nigga, rollin' hard
Hangin' out, the whole nine yards
I'm smokin' a fat one, takin' a 40 to the head
Watch out, fool, get shot dead
And bitches clownin', cryin' and all that
But yet, still, I keep my gat
Rollin' real hard in a six-tre ('63)
Motherfuckin' punk, step out my way
And all you fools in the game, you silly-ass lames

You can't fuck with me; I'm wild and not tame
Like a savage beast, I'm out on the street
So, motherfucker, what's up with that? You wanted
beef?
Punk, you got a problem? I'll solve 'em!
I pulled his gat; his life cost him
So don't fuck with me while I'm around in the back I'm
always strapped when I'm hangin' out!

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